

HOW TO PLAY GOLF

Sweeping Stroke Recommended by Expert as Most Graceful and Natural

BY JOHN J. KEENAN.
AND now for the game you must play before Thanksgiving dinner.

The sweeping stroke is a stroke that I would suggest and recommend to any player as one of the most beautiful and most graceful swings in the game of golf. It is smooth and neat, with no exertion whatever. Every stroke works evenly, like well-oiled machinery. I myself think this stroke ideal. It is about the nearest stroke to the universal natural I have ever seen.

I have seen and taught this stroke successfully, and those a little advanced in age, or, in fact, any person who wants to play golf without too much physical exertion, should learn this stroke and "nurture" it, because it is a sturdy, once mastered. You can laugh at your friends for working overtime. I am a firm believer in the easiest way, and this stroke played as it should be makes golf a cheerful and refreshing pastime.

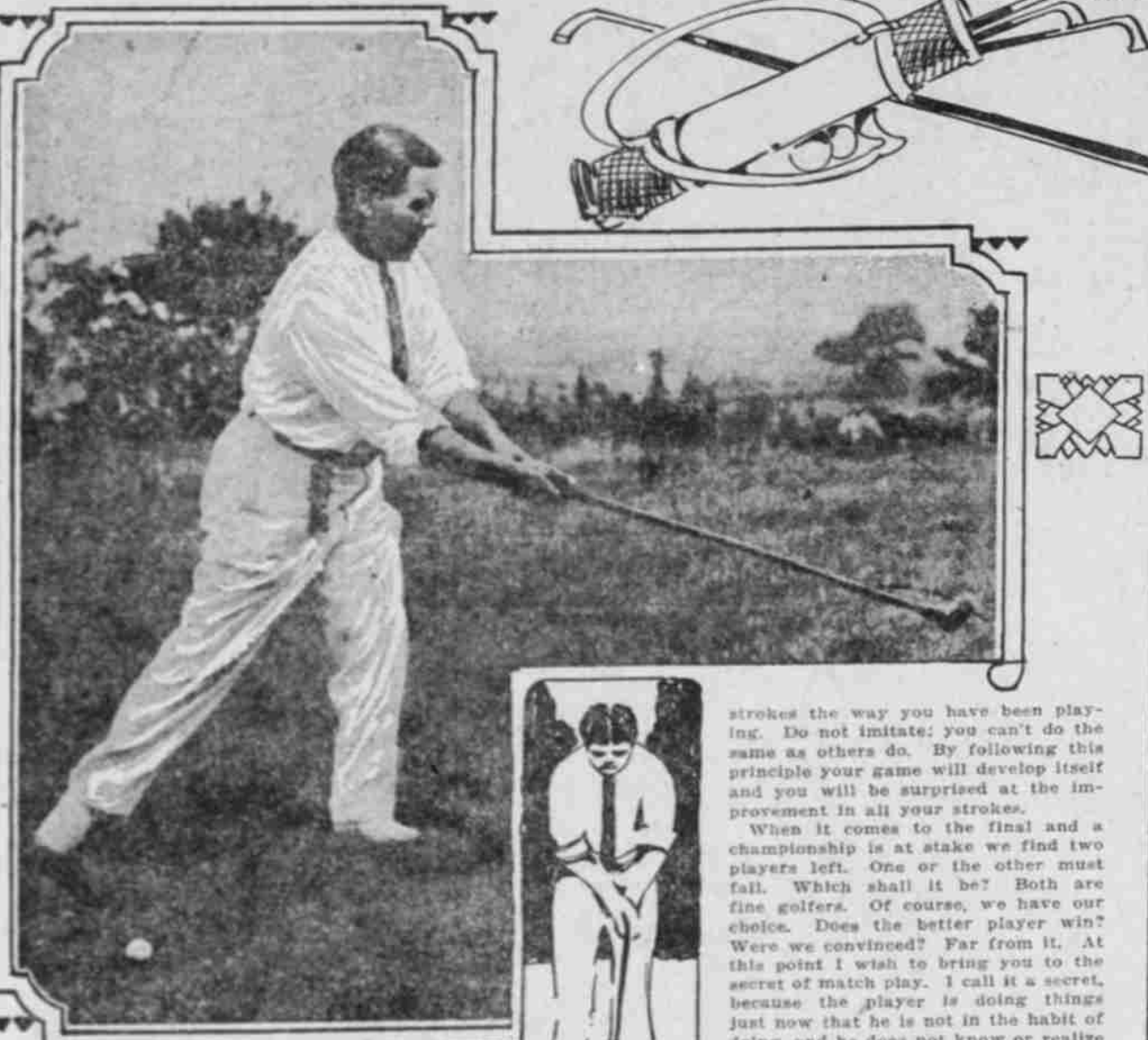
The styles are almost similar. The stance is wide open, the feet well apart, the whole body and swing brought closer to the ground. The one motion controls both the swing and the body. The ball is addressed in the easiest way, in the driving stroke; the club is brought back slowly along the ground, the body turning slowly at the same time, with the arms away from the body to give the stroke more freedom.

Not Forced Play.
At the top of the stroke the arms are well away from the shoulder, the wrists rigid, the club being brought down just the same as it was brought up. The ball is literally swept off the tee, the body and arms following.

I have been asked the advantage of this. I will say it has many. In the first place you have the original hit; it is not varied. The stroke is always the same; you get results without any exertion. Your play is not forced, your body and shoulders do the same amount of work, everything is equalized accordingly. The hit in this stroke is where you get your distance, because the club is pushed through with a snap at the finish. This push coming from the back, the shoulders are in the right position at the time the ball is hit.

On the other hand, we will take any other stroke. How may had habits result from the hands, the body and the shoulders? If we go too fast with our swing what happens? A heavy hit behind the ball and strength is wasted. If we drop our shoulder there is a jerk to recover at the finish of the stroke; result, topping the ball. It is very evident to me that when we say sweep the ball off we should have the sweeping stroke. The hit I have spoken of so much, the principle of keeping the club on the ground before and after the ball is hit, makes a perfect sweeping stroke.

Don't change your stroke because I speak so of this swing, but for those who have never taken part in any outdoor exercise and people who are past middle age and are taking up the game, women as well as men, it is a very fine stroke. If an advanced player can cultivate it, his game will surely benefit by it. This article should be given some attention by all playing golf.



Sweeping stroke, finish of swing. Note position of body on the follow through, or finish of stroke.



fit by it. This article should be given some attention by all playing golf. Golf is played for exercise by many who have no thought of playing in competition but who would learn a wonderful lesson by taking part in a few tournaments. We all know how grand and proud we feel when children because we passed our school examinations. How hard and anxious was our work of preparation. All our mind and body together were fixed on the question, Will I be successful? We try all of our different strokes until we feel that we are prepared to make a showing and we are now ready to start off in our first competition.

From the first tee our friends stand and applaud our efforts. We are all excited, our minds begin to work, our brains are busy. Will I make a good drive? If I don't I shall feel terribly. This is only part of the excitement. You are all worked up; the little ball before you has made you lose control of yourself; you are trembling, and why? Because you are entering your first stages of the effect of self in matches as opposed to golf for exercise.

strokes the way you have been playing. Do not imitate; you can't do the same as others do. By following this principle your game will develop itself and you will be surprised at the improvement in all your strokes.

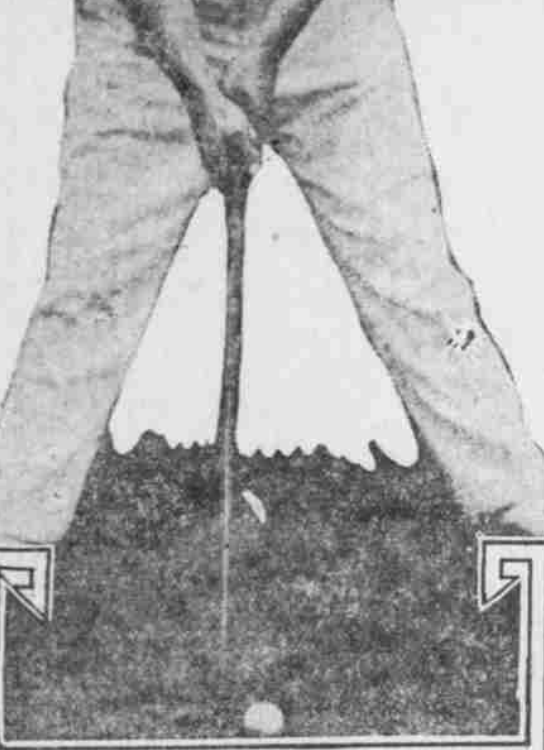
When it comes to the final and a championship is at stake we find two players left. One or the other must fall. Which shall it be? Both are fine golfers. Of course, we have our choice. Does the better player win? Were we convinced? Far from it. At this point I wish to bring you to the secret of match play. I call it a secret, because the player is doing things just now that he is not in the habit of doing, and he does not know or realize why he is doing them.

In referring to the final match I will give to you some facts not realized by many players. I will call one of those players No. 1. He drives a very long ball and he is very good with his iron strokes, and he is also a good putter. Now we shall take No. 2. He does not drive as long a ball as No. 1. He is also good on his iron strokes, but a little uncertain about his putting. Here is where I shall acquaint you with the art of imitating. This is the unconscious fault of match play. No. 1 starts with a beautiful drive. He is applauded by the gallery. No. 2 takes his position on the tee, and while he is addressing the ball he has for the moment forgotten that No. 1 was always a longer and better driver than he.

Those Long Drives.
This slip on his part is his undoing. The stroke of his opponent, the applause from the people, turn his mind in that moment and instead of driving the way he always had been doing he just follows No. 1. The result is the impossible imitating. Show me the player who imitates and I will show you a loser. This applies to all strokes in match play, on the tee, through the greens and on the putting greens. Let your opponent drive 300 yards if he can. It is not necessary for you to drive ten yards farther. If he makes a good approach shot, lead to the pin, do not try to do better. Let him run down his 12 and 15



Sweeping stroke, showing first half of backward swing.



Sweeping Stroke. Notice the open stance, the body being brought closer to ground.

feet putts; don't try to do the same. Remember, he can't always do this, and every mistake he makes is a gain for you. Keep to this principle always, for the benefit of your own game. No matter what anyone does, don't try to do the same. Once you do, you are drawing away from your own natural game, and it is not encouraging for anyone.

Continue always with your driving, even if it doesn't get the distance your friends get. Distance will develop in itself without your knowing it or putting any more force to the stroke. Play all your strokes as well as you can; forget the gallery and your partner's play. Always play for two on the putting green; try to long putt, but to get as close to the hole in one as you can. Follow this principle and your game will advance slowly but surely. Practice with this in view and your reward will be confidence and good strokes.

Bound for Comfort.
London, Pa., Nov. 21.—It's a terrible war, this, young man—a terrible war. Mike (badly wounded)—"Tis that, sor—a terrible war. But 'tis better than no war at all."

ADVENTURES OF J. RUFUS WALLINGFORD

(Continued from Page 4.)
and most imposing skyscraper. In the meantime Wallingford set Mr. Bang at work upon some minute models of the wonderful Bang Sun Engine, not over a foot in length and six inches in width and two inches in depth, neat and beautifully finished and these supported the latest imaginable of buzzers—were shrouded of tongues which alternated between tiny electric magnets—and after these had been set in the sun for a short while they each set up a keen sharp, shrill, high note, like an infant chirp, which spoke volumes for the wonders that the big machines could accomplish.

Then Mr. Wallingford went to Mr. Morley at the Commercial Bank and exposed the full breadth of his chest and shoulders, the full pinkness of his round face, the full radiance of his confident smile.

"Morley," said he in the pleasant tone of one requesting a match from a boon companion, "I want to borrow a checking account of \$2000."

"I shall accommodate you," said Mr. Morley, his gray face wreathing in an amiable smile.

"Well," said Wallingford, smiling, "I guess I'll offer you some International Bang Sun Engine stock."

Mr. Morley shook his head and viewed Mr. Wallingford in kindly reserve. "What that stock is undoubtedly of high worth, it isn't collateral, Mr. Wallingford, it represents at present no tangible value, and, in fact, is not even issued by an operating concern."

"Oh, I see," said Wallingford, smiling. "No, I don't believe you do," returned Mr. Morley, complimenting himself internally for being a devil of a sly fellow and an ingenious one. "Even I personally would not care to loan money upon the security."

Mr. Wallingford's face apparently fell. In reality he heaved an inward sigh of satisfaction. "You would not?" he inquired in a crestfallen tone.

"No," insisted Mr. Morley, and then he smiled ingeniously and placed his hand in friendly confidence upon Mr. Wallingford's knee. "I might, however, consider the purchase outright of a block of it, if the price were made attractive."

"The International stock is not for sale," said Mr. Wallingford stately, and arose.

a cash license premium from all other branch companies and take a dollar royalty for every sun engine unit manufactured during the life of your overlapping patents, which means indefinitely. Your parent company, Mr. Wallingford, is a great scheme for making standard Oil look like a small retail concern. But in the meantime the Commercial Bank will be in a position to do a great many favors for all three of your companies. For instance, you say the International has no treasury stock for sale."

"No," Wallingford assented. "Then when it gets ready to extend its business it will need funds."

"Not at all," denied Wallingford. "The premium I receive for the establishment of new local branches will carry on all its necessary expenses. Later on patent litigation may take quite a bit, but that cannot come before receipts begin to pour in. You may not know that 10 per cent of International's receipts from all sources is to go into a sinking fund for patents and patent litigation alone."

"Correct," said Morley, nodding his head in decided approval. "That shows your shrewd wisdom, the far-sighted business principles, Mr. Wallingford, which have made you what you are, and which have inspired the confidence of business men in you," and he looked anew at Mr. Wallingford's well-fed, well-irrigated and well-groomed bulk.

"I will buy some of that stock right now," Mr. Wallingford. Five thousand dollars' worth."

"You will not!" decided the great capitalist angrily, and stalked out, refusing to sign at Morley's urgent call. Wallingford listened comfortably to his big auto chugging away down at the curb, sat waiting for the time to arrive when he should go to the train to meet the girls and looked about the magnificent offices of the International Bang Sun Engine Company with much satisfaction.

Into this hive of golden activity came, with a quick, nervous step, an extremely muscularly garbed man, tall and slender, his eyes and hair as black as his Prince Albert and as shiny as his silk hat. This gentleman, refusing to sink in his name, pushed breezily into the inner sanctum and slapped J. Rufus on the broad back. "You're pinched for hotter work," returned J. Rufus. "The girls are coming."

"That's why I'm here ahead of time," grinned Blackie.

"Hello, Blackie!" exclaimed Wallingford, clasping the hand of the visitor. "Ready for the grand tableau," said Wallingford, closing his eyes to chuckle. "You're the red fire."

"All right," said Blackie, "touch a match to me."

"I'll do that on the way down to the train," returned J. Rufus. "The girls are coming."

they reached the sidewalk, and, after honking the horn a few times, Wallingford and Blackie climbed into the tonneau.

"How's the game, J. Rufus?" asked Daw. "Good, I guess. From the front you put up, from the back you put up, from the side you put up, from the top you put up, from the bottom you put up, from the inside pocket and button my vest."

Further intimate conversation was stopped by the appearance of the chauffeur, who came through a nearby swinging door, hastily wiping his mustache.

"I'm afraid, however, Mr. Daw," said Wallingford blandly, as the chauffeur came within hearing, "that we cannot let you have the Boston franchise without a cash bonus."

For just one second Blackie looked blank, and then, in an equally businesslike tone, he replied, "How much of a bonus do you want?"

"Fifty thousand dollars," returned Wallingford, smiling gleefully as he noticed the chauffeur's back stiffen to snapping attention. "I won't pay it," declared Blackie firmly.

"Yes, you will," insisted Wallingford easily. "The Boston franchise will carry a five-million-dollar stock company, and you know it. What's the matter, Arthur, that you're not starting? Something froze up?"

When he had a minute with Blackie at the station, secure from inadvertent eavesdropping, Wallingford explained. "You see, in a little burg like this all the chauffeurs know each other, and they tell everything they know. They're better than a newspaper. I'll bet you five dollars against a rusty beer-stopper that the president of the Commercial Bank knows about this Boston franchise talk before he gets home to dinner."

When the train came thundering in a few moments later, the two knights of industry hurried back to the Pullman, from which there emerged the two beautiful Warden girls, in exquisite traveling suits, Pansy in brown and Violet in blue. Aunt Pattie, in gray, came last, with a face full of concern.

There was no hilarious greeting, however. The Warden ladies were demurely courteous to Mr. Wallingford, who introduced himself; and they suppressed the dance in their eyes as Wallingford, in the sight of such Cinderburgians as were there assembled, gravely introduced the Boston millionaire. Then the five climbed into the auto, and the chauffeur, his ears reddening from their intent listening, drove up Main street, past the Commercial Bank, to the office of Mr. Wallingford and Mr. Bang; and went over immediately to tell Dana T. Morley's chauffeur that these were the same New York women who had bought the option, and that they had come to sell the Sun Engine Company some land,

and that there was a millionaire here that wanted to buy the privilege of lighting and heating and furnishing power to Boston with the Bang Sun Engine; and that his, the chauffeur's head was so full of parent company talk that he didn't dare take another drink or he'd be too dizzy to drive.

BOSTON MILLIONAIRE!
Those were the two words which, in great, black letters, spread across each front page. Told all about it, too. The millionaire had purchased from the International Bang Sun Engine Company a 20-day option to form the Boston Bang Sun Engine Light, Heat & Power Company, with a capitalization of \$5,000,000 of which were to become the property of the International Bang Sun Engine Company, in return for doing business under the Bang patents. And the Boston millionaire had paid \$1000 for 20-day option! In cash!

There was another important item in the paper. The Bang Sun Engine Company had paid \$100,000 for the Pinkus hills! And they would probably purchase, from the same parties, other valuable sun spots!

Seventy thousand dollars! Morley turned the color of an olive, as he considered that price for the worthless Pinkus hills; and then he went back to the larger and more appalling parent company transaction.

The International Bang Sun Engine Company, though having a million-dollar capitalization, had not been put to a dollar's worth of expense, except for the furnishing of offices and a trifling bit of clerk hire. It could have no expense. All the income of this parent company was "pure velvet." Already, in the first stages of its existence, it had taken in \$5000 net cash profit, and, moreover, it owned \$51,000 worth of stock in the Cinderburg Bang Sun Engine Light, Heat & Power Company, over \$127,000 worth of stock in the American Bang Sun Engine Manufacturing Company, and over \$2,500,000 worth of stock, tentatively, in the Boston Bang Sun Engine Light, Heat & Power Company! Think of it! Nearly \$2,000,000 worth of stock, in other and necessarily good dividend-paying companies, in return for an outlay which was almost nil. The parent company! Morley's mouth fairly dripped as he thought of it!

A man so bald that a near-sighted porter had once mistaken him for an are lamp came into the Commercial Bank just at the time of opening and presented a check drawn by Mr. Daw on the Guarantee & Fidelity, of New York. The check was made out to W.

O. Jones, was for \$100, and bore the indorsement of J. Rufus Wallingford.

"This guy Daw says he ain't got any account here," explained Mr. Jones; "but I guess this guy Wallingford's all right."

The names of Mr. Daw and Mr. Wallingford brought President Morley straight over to the paying teller's window.

"The check is perfectly good," he observed, but he looked dubiously at W. O. Jones. "Do you know Mr. Daw or Mr. Wallingford?"

"Say, I know this guy Daw like a thief knows a fly cop," growled "Onton" Jones. "Say: there's a guy has so much money that if he drops any he licks it out of the road. Say: you get that guy Daw pickled, and he'll tell his past, present and future. Say, him and this guy Wallingford are as chummy as a pair of apes. Say: split one of those bills, will you, so I can get two-thirty-five out of it."

Mr. Morley was thoughtful for a long half hour after Mr. Jones had left him, then he walked slowly out of the side door of the bank and went over to Wallingford's hotel. In the bar he walked slowly over to Mr. Wallingford, and presented an introduction to Mr. Daw, and greeted that Boston millionaire with great effusiveness, and invited him to dinner and hastily declined an invitation to a drink.

He was not a drinking man, Dana T. Morley; he was a teetotaler; but on his way home he bought some whisky and hid it from his wife, who was more of a teetotaler than he. When the millionaire came, Mr. Morley dragged him into the library and produced the whisky and poured two tumblers, and emptied his drink into a tall vase when Mr. Daw was not looking. Between them they emptied two bottles in this fashion, and both men were very drunk—that is, to the outward eye. Then Mr. Morley leaned flabbily on the arm of Mr. Daw's chair, and said: "Is there no way, friend Daw, in which a man with money to invest could secure some of that parent company stock?"

Blackie Daw grinned loosely. He cast on unstable eyes at the ceiling, and winked his profound wisdom. He snickered; and he smacked Mr. Morley a resounding smack on the top of his head a resounding smack with his open palm.

"Becher life," he mumbled thickly, and he winked again. "Goanna buy it myself." Another prodigious wink. "The Warden girls took parent company stock for their land. But they wanted cash." Another wink. "See?"

"Whisky!" he snapped, and dashed out of the front door.

He was on the dead run when he

DIPLOMATIC INCIDENT OF HALF A CENTURY AGO

CONSIDERATION of the international complications arising out of the European war stimulates the patriotism of all true Americans. The spirit recalls a thrilling episode in the maintenance of the dignity of the Nation and protection of the sacred rights of our citizens.

This incident occurred in 1853 and grew out of the attempted capture of Martin Kosta by the Austrians in the harbor of Smyrna.

Kosta was a Hungarian refugee who had taken an active part in the revolution in Hungary in 1848 and upon its suppression, through the military intervention of Russia, he was declared a "traitor" and sentenced to be executed.

He escaped, however, to the United States, where he declared his intention of becoming an American citizen.

Later, while on a commercial trip to Smyrna, Turkey, he was seized by Austrian officials and conveyed on board an Austrian frigate, then anchored in the harbor.

Notwithstanding the vehement protest of the United States Consul, asserting Kosta's right as a citizen of the United States, and also the protest of the Turkish Governor, denouncing the seizure as an invasion of the sovereignty of Turkey, the Austrian commander refused to surrender him, claiming him as an Austrian subject condemned to death for treason against the Crown.

The Austrian men-of-war were to sail next day, taking with them Martin Kosta to undergo his sentence of execution. At this critical juncture Commander Duncan M. Ingraham, with the sloop-of-war St. Louis, twenty guns, entered the Harbor of Smyrna.

The American Consul went aboard her immediately, informing the commander of the condition of affairs.

Time was of importance, and Commander Ingraham, without waiting to discuss the international question as to whether the mere declaration of intention to become a citizen of the United States entitled Kosta to the protection of the Government, sent a boat, with an officer in command, to the Austrian frigate demanding the immediate release of the prisoner.

The Austrian commander, still claiming Kosta as an Austrian subject, refused to deliver him.

Thereupon Commander Ingraham, informed that the Austrian ships were ready to sail, sent a peremptory demand for the surrender of Kosta with the ultimatum, "If he is not delivered up by four o'clock today I will blow you out of the water!" Preparations were then begun on board the St. Louis. The decks were cleared for action.

Before four o'clock Kosta was surrendered to the French Consul, who returned him safely to the jurisdiction of the United States.

Commander Ingraham's fearless course was thoroughly approved by the President, the Congress and the people of the United States.

overtook and passed Blackie Daw, and he was out of breath when he sent up his card to the Warden ladies at their hotel.

Yes, they were not adverse to selling him their stock, but still Daw should not be totally disregarded.

Morley puffed and ureed and exhorted and finally gained the promise of the young ladies to accompany him to his bank. As they left the hotel and, of course, quite by chance, Onton Jones put in his appearance, and confided to Morley that he would help him put the deal over.

Reaching the bank, Morley called excitedly to the paying teller and with trembling fingers began to count the money which that grave young man pushed through the grating.

Suddenly the door burst open and in staggered Daw, still feigning intoxication. He seemed to appreciate what was happening, however, and hastily drew forth his check book. Astonished and chagrined, the girls looked scornfully at Blackie. Quietly Onton Jones sailed over to Morley, and tapping him on the shoulder, whispered: "Send him to it, pal. Bent him to it!" Morley realized Blackie's purpose, and as the latter fumbled with his fountain pen and check book, he quickly turned to the orphans and almost forcibly thrust the money into Fannie's hands, taking in return the precious stock of the parent company.

Then, as Blackie started to protest, Morley smiled grimly and, tightly hugging his dearly bought stock, hurried from the bank.

"Fine work," chuckled J. Rufus Wallingford, as Fanny Warden vigorously crossed the name of Dana T. Morley from the little book.

"It was the Boston Millionaire who did the trick," excited Blackie. "Yes, it was," admitted Wallingford, considering the matter from a scientific standpoint. "Without that, Morley wouldn't have bought as much as seventy thousand dollars' worth."

"He wanted a hundred thousand dollars' worth," suggested Aunt Pattie thoughtfully. "But I wouldn't have sold him more than the amount he owes the Warden estate, even if we had had it."

"We'll instruct Ed Bang to come back and sell him the other thirty thousand dollars' worth," laughed Wallingford, "then Ed can experiment the rest of his life. By George! He suddenly frowned. "We forgot to sting him for the expense fund."

"Oh, no we didn't," and Violet giggled, as she unsnapped her handbag. "I'm getting to be a financier myself. It was my happy little idea to sell Dana T. Morley the balance of our obligations on future sun spots." And she triumphantly laid in Wallingford's hand, which already held Morley's check for \$70,000, his farther check for \$20,000.

"Shake, pal!" shouted Blackie, and she dodged him.

(Another Adventure next week.)